

A NIGHTINGALE IN THE CAMP.

From The London Punch.

There men before Sevastopol! A more heroic host
There never stood, in hardship and in peril, at their
post.
The foremost of those warriors 'were a famous thing
to be!
And there the first among them yet, if thou hast eyes
to see.
'Tis not the good Lord Raglan, nor yet the great Omar,
No, nor the fierce Pelissier, though thunderbolts of
war.
Behold the soldier who in worth exceeds above the rest;
That English maiden yonder is our bravest and our
best.
Brave men, so called, are plentiful: the most of men
are brave.
So, truly, are the most of dogs, who seek not of a
grave.
Their valor's not self-sacrifice, but simple want of
bed;
But courage, in a woman's heart, is bravery indeed.
And there is Mercy's Amazon, within whose little
breast
Burns the great spirit that has dared the fever and the
pest.
And there she grapples with grim Death, that maid so
bold and meek:
There is the mark of battle fresh upon her pallid cheek.
That gallant gentle lady the Camp woman fair review;
Throughout the Chief escorts her with such honor as is
due.
How many a prayer attends on her, how many a bless-
ing greet!
How many a glad and grateful eye among that host
of men!
Now goes she to look forth upon the Enemy's strong-
hold.
O daniel, when its story shall in after times be told,
When not a stone of that thievish den shall rest upon a
stone,
No name shall with its memory live longer than mine
own.
Among the world's great women thou hast made thy
glorious mark:
Men will hereafter mention make of thee with Joan of
Arc.
And those who relate the Maid of Saragossa's tale,
Will tell their little children, too, of FLORENCE NIGHT-
INGALE.

VISIT TO ST. CROIX, No. II.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. CROIX, W. I., April, 1855.

Light though favoring winds did not bring
us to West End before eight o'clock, on the
morning of the 13th. I for one was not sorry
for this, as I had most earnestly desired to ap-
proach the island by daylight. The most pleas-
ing and picturesque views of the West India
Islands are from the sea. They rise so abruptly
from the ocean, their deep verdure contrasts so
strikingly with the bright waters which sur-
round them, and you so take in at a single view
each separate one, that they seem rather to sit
and float upon the deep than to send their rocky
shafts down into its bosom to give them fixity
in the solid structure of the "great globe itself."
Everything in their appearance awakens the
sentiment of the utmost purity and grace.
Their shores, made up of frequent alternations
of calm bays and dark inlets, with graceful
capes or sharp promontories—their hills swell-
ing grandly up from the coast, verdant to their
summits, with narrow valleys winding around
among them; altogether they seem fairy lands, in-
habited only by fairies of earth and air. A cruise
among the West India Islands, even setting foot
upon the most uninviting, is most enchanting.

With the earliest light I crept forth from my
dog-house to enjoy the refreshing breeze of dawn
and take a near view of this island, with those
general aspects as beheld in the distance I had
before been familiar. For, although forty miles
removed from St. Thomas, the atmosphere is often
so clear that separate trees can be distinguished
with a glass upon its hills; and the windmills
which crown its highest peaks can be seen in mo-
tion. The beautiful features of hill, mountain and
valley which hitherto I had seen only indistinctly,
were revealed by that soft morning light in their
full proportions. I was greatly surprised to see
that what I had fancied wild, rugged mountains
were indeed in many instances precipitous hills,
yet under the highest cultivation, and covered
with luxuriant green fields of sugar-cane. In
order to reach West End it is requisite to double
the extreme western point of the island, which
extends from east to west, and sail sailing near to
the land for three or four miles in a northerly
direction. Along this line of coast four or five
beautiful estates abut upon the sea, and thence
back upon or among the hills. A broad car-
riage-road winding along near the beach, lined on
each side by rows of cocoa-nut trees—broad fields
of cane often clothing the highest hills with its
bright green covering, and in various stages of
growth—the fine mansions of the proprietors sur-
rounding some graceful elevation near the sea,
with their neat negro villages close at hand,
embowered in rich groves of plantains and bananas,
give one, at his first glimpse, a pleasant and not
untruthful picture of St. Croix, which he will see
repeated with agreeable variations and different
settings wherever he goes through the island. The
style of the hills as seen along this coast, and their
being cultivated to their summits reminded me
of the country in some parts of Columbia County,
particularly through the towns of Claverack and
Kinderhook.

This town has no harbor; only a shallow and in-
secure roadstead. An English bark, two Ameri-
can schooners and a sloop or two, constituted the
shipping-list as I approached the town. The
waters, not most exceeding purity and clearness.
The ground, with everything upon its surface or
in the water, can be discerned clearly at the depth
of five to eight fathoms. Fishes of the greatest
variety as to species, size and hue, can be seen
disporting carelessly through the limpid fluid.
Two rude wooden wharves extend from the sandy
beach into the water perhaps thirty feet. These
suffice for the landings and shipments of the place.
In front of these is the Custom-House—a small,
two-story stone building—the center being pierced
by a broad passage like the toll-house on our trans-
port roads. Here every hoghead of sugar, before
it is rolled down for shipping, is inspected by
weighing on a large pair of scales by the collector.
To the left, as we approached the wharf, on a level
plot of ground, is the Fort—a low stone structure,
with the residence of the commander, and the
barracks for the soldiers connected with the fort by
a constructed of wood in the plainest style of
clayboarding. The whole to the seaward is sur-
rounded by a low grassy rampart covered with
shrubby, save where one or two guns look grim
and defiantly out over the sea. On the right hand,
behind, are scattered thicket, cocoa-nut and tamarind-
trees, and beyond the street which winds along
the beach half-dozen stores and warehouses of
modest proportions give facilities for the principal
business operations of the place. And these, with
half-dozen lazy porters, a horse-cart or two, a
score of negroes who have rushed forth to see the
strangers, and a few merchants and merchants'
clerks, who partaking of the same curiosity, yet
more equable in its manifestation, have come out
upon the stone piazzas in front of their stores,
pretty fairly represent its business character and
activity. The town consists of four or five broad,
level streets running from east to west and crossed
at right angles by as many more, which are lined
with quaint, old, rather decayed houses with gar-
dens upon the streets, and numerous shade trees.
It quite resembles the old more settled New-
England towns before the march of the railroad
whistle had disturbed their quiet, and when the
farmers of the country around came jogging slowly
into town to exchange their grain or other light
produce for farming implements or temporary sup-
plies, and farmers' wives and daughters came
driving in with the accumulated butter and eggs
of a week or ten days to barter for household ne-
cessaries and the replenishment of their simple
wardrobe.

Arrived upon the wharf, I found that my trunk
had already preceded me to the Custom-House.
For although under the same Government as St.
Thomas, while there a system of practical free-

trade prevails, and such a thing as inspecting one's
baggage is never known, here both import and ex-
port duties are rigidly levied. Even from the
sister island does not exempt one from the ne-
cessity of exposing to a world of curious by-
standers the promiscuous contents of his traveling-
trunk. Some amusing stories are told of the
minutiae to which officials in times past have
carried this system of levying for revenue. A
lady here once told me that she had been com-
pelled to pay the duties on two or three little
dresses—patterns which she was taking along to make
up for her child on her visit. The man has been
pointed out to me who once exacted of an Ameri-
can gentleman the dues on a single ham, which
beside had been half-eaten on the voyage. The
extremely petty affairs of small colonies
tends to beguile the mind of all implicated in them.
But I suspect these things belong to past ages. At
least the inspection of my luggage was a very sum-
mary and careless business. Porters were less
lenient. Two black men demanded for their ser-
vices in carrying my trunk perhaps a hundred rods
twelve old bits—which is eighty cents. And
when I put them off with half that sum, they
sought the pulse of national feeling in my breast
by suggesting that "the Americans always gave
"them eighty cents." I confess to a momentary
sentiment of patriotic pride, and looked with
mild eye at the cunning rascal. Had their ex-
orbitance been but a little more modest, I should
certainly have paid the tribute to the good name
of my countrymen.

The Americans formerly had frequent and intimate
associations with this island. At one time, for
a quarter of a century I suppose, perhaps
longer, its products, sugar, molasses and rum,
went mostly to the States, while the horses and
mules required here almost wholly came
thence. The names of well known shipping-agents
in Middletown and New-Haven forty years ago,
and of famous old shipmasters in those parts are
still familiar names in the reminiscences of the
Santa Cruzians. More tender and affecting associa-
tions also entwined the name of Santa Cruz in the
pleasant and sad memories of many a refined
circle of our land. Hundreds whose frame
the severity of our winter-climate had shattered,
have, in this town, more especially found a timely
shelter, for one or more successive years, from the
rigor of our northern States, and there, trying
where an incomparable and more than Summer-
sun softness gently embraces the invalid—riding over
these beautiful roads through ever-varying scenery,
and enjoying the quiet life here in the elegant
and hospitable society of these calm and cultivated
inlanders—they have eluded the grasp of ruthless
consumption, and so regained their former strength
and vigor as to go home with grateful immunity
from threatened disease. Alas! others by scores
have come too late to escape the pursuit of the
heavily laden mule which had too long preyed upon
the organs of life. They have come, under the
suspicious eyes of friends, brightened by feigned
hope and cheer, yet red with secret tears—a
mother watching over a darling child, a sister over
a loved brother, a brother with tender anxiety
soothing the last days of a cherished sister—amid
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